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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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Mater Dolorosa

THE SOUL: "Mary Mother, in the rapture
Of the coming of the Lord,
Felt thy heart its future anguish?
Sensed thy soul its sorrows' sword?"

MARY: "From the moment of God's message,
Mine were all life's pain and loss,
E'en the Star that led the Magi
Cast the shadow of a cross."

THE SOUL: "Christ, I know the Man of Sorrows,
In His Heart the Cross did bear.
Was it thine, O blessed Mother,
All its bitterness to share?"

MARY: "To my Son a loving mother,
In all sorrow was I nigh,
From His plaintive Infant wailing,
To life's latest sobbing sigh."

THE SOUL: "Then for us in pain and sorrow,
How, O Mother, canst thou yearn,
We who for the God thou gavest
But His bleeding corpse return?"

MARY: "I must share the grief of mortals,
While this earth an Altar knows.
For the Lifeblood of my Jesus
Through their veins forever flows."

—F. J. Melvin, C. Ss. R.

COMMENCEMENT PRIZES

(Contributed.)

It not infrequently happens, even among Catholics, that people who are accounted as highly educated and intellectual, show a deplorable want of knowledge in regard to religious matters. Where is the blame: in these highly educated alone, or in the educators, or does the fault lie with both? And if it lies even with qualified educators in professedly Catholic institutions, what is the reason. The reason may be either because they do not put enough stress on the importance of religion, or if they do, then their methods of imparting the requisite knowledge are at fault: they fail to make this part of the curriculum really interesting and attractive; nay, they may make it positively irksome and uninteresting. Or perhaps they dwell more on higher theology or points of religion than on points that count for practical Catholic life.

We may also ask whether religious matters are, in the case of higher places of learning, given the proper place of importance, or at least of honor where the institution is not specifically a seminary or preparatory school of theology.

The above reflections were called forth as we read some accounts of commencement exercises and of the prizes awarded. Ordinarily speaking when lists are not given alphabetically we may infer that the most important subject, or the highest prize is mentioned first. Then too, we generally take for granted that gold and silver medals are given for branches of importance even when founded just for a special branch by persons who are interested in a particular science. Certainly medals are usually not given for branches of minor importance, nor to pupils who are not very proficient.

Taking the aforesaid into consideration, we may argue the importance of a branch, i. e. the importance put on it by those who are in authority, from the place it occupies in the list, and from the kind of prize awarded.

Not wishing to start a controversy, but simply wishing to give our personal reflections as an occasion for reflections on similar lines, and, moreover, not wishing to criticise any particular institutions, we shall not mention the names of the colleges, academies, high schools, etc., the accounts of whose commencement exercises were given in one of

- our Catholic weeklies not so long ago. Judging merely from the accounts read and always taking for granted that the lists given were according to the wishes of the authorities—what place is given to religious subjects?

The accounts read were 12 in number of which 3 made no mention of prizes awarded; therefore our comparison is in regard to the remaining 9 institutions.

One of the institutions—we are using general terms throughout for the reason above stated—one of the institutions had several divisions, in three of which the Class-standing or general average, whatever you wish to style it, was mentioned first, the second place in all the divisions was given to something like Evidence of Religion and Christian Doctrine except in a particular instance when it held the last of three places.

Another institution, also with several divisions, gave about 50 awards and among these Apologetics and Christian Doctrine each held first place in the list once, and in one division there was no word at all about religion or Catechism. Just think of it: in the list of about 50 awards the matter of religion was mentioned first *only twice*, at another time *ninth* and *tenth*. Is this to indicate what importance is laid on the matter of religion in our institutions of higher education in America? Let us hope not.

There was a list of general prizes, 6 in number of which *only* the *last* mentioned referred explicitly to religious topics; hereupon followed the list of special prizes in which there was *not a single* mention of Christian Doctrine or any religious study.

In another instance of 4 special prizes, one was for an essay which by chance happened to treat of a prominent event in Church History. This was the only religious subject mentioned. Church History in the list of all the awards we read was a "rare bird".

There was an institution praised for its loyalty to true culture for which Catholic education stands; nevertheless among the prizes of this institution only *one* religious study is mentioned, namely Church History, and that second last out of a total of 6. However we may consider it a redeeming feature that the first mention of any award was in regard to deportment and faithful observance of the institution's rules. Now true Christian deportment includes the chief virtue taught by Our Saviour, *Charity*, and observance of rules means *obedience*, both of which go a long way to make efficient and true citizens.

Finally there were 2 institutions one of which had only 3 awards, 2 medals and a prize, the other gave prizes for various subjects; the former put the study of religion in second place and the study of literature in first, the latter institution gave no awards for study of religion or even of Catechism.

Contrasted with all the foregoing there was an institution that gave several medals for each of a half dozen points mentioned, and among these were Christian Doctrine in second place and Catechism in third.

Another institution has something like Evidence of Religion mentioned first out of 5 medal awards, and this was the only medal award that was of no special foundation. This same institution had premiums for Christian Doctrine in the preparatory courses.

But amid all the lists there was one which clearly showed that more importance was attached to matters of our Holy Faith than to all the other branches. In the account we read these edifying words: "As the pupils of the school volunteered this year to give up their prizes that the money might be used for war relief work, the *only* honor awards given were those for the *study of religion*." Here we have a practical proof of the importance put on religion.

Someone may argue that we can not expect institutions of general learning to specialize in religious branches, but this is not our contention; all we contend for is that even though not specializing in these matters, as seminaries specilize, religion should be given due importance, and in the list and order of awards should be given the place of prominence, just as with theological colleges or seminaries Sacred Scripture is mentioned first. Why? Clearly because Sacred Scripture is the Word of God. Now Study of our Religion, call it Christian Doctrine, or plain Catechism, or Apologetics, all these are the study of what the Word of God means for us in our daily lives. It is unbecoming to put our Holy Faith in the last place, to mention the awards for Christian Doctrine and kindred studies "somewhere in the forest" of prizes listed. To know and to practice our Faith now-a-days is more important than a smattering or even a complete or a proficient knowledge of one or more of the "ologies" in secular learning.

In connection with the foregoing we might mention that the prizes for Domestic Science and Domestic Economy were rarely mentioned among the awards given in the institutions for young ladies. Are we thence to argue that the science of plain house-keeping is not a necessity today, nor something justly to be proud of? Once, out of the

rare times mentioned in the lists of half a dozen institutions for girls, was domestic science given prominence. If we were young men looking for good practical wives, we would prefer one that knew how to keep house to one who would at first instance demand a hired girl and spend her time reading classics or "social-uplift" literature and perhaps neglect real social uplift, i. e. neglect to raise a respectable family.

We think that young ladies who receive awards for study of branches relating to our Holy Faith and to domestic science are more to be congratulated than such as have mastered the classics and know neither the practical rudiments of faith, nor the simple method of how to boil an egg. That husband certainly has a sorry lot who, when he sits down a Sunday to eat a chicken put up by his "highly educated" wife, finds the chick unfit to eat, and then has only this consolation, if consolation it be: "Why, my dear, I think I should know how to cook this chicken, I took a course in biology!"

Give us the young ladies who first of all know well what is necessary for house-keeping and for the early instruction of their future children. The "fancy" branches are ornaments and therefore secondary to the necessary branches. The wife who knows more about chemistry than domestic science, may well succeed in poisoning her "better half", whereas she scarcely knows how to season a soup. The wife who knows more about mental philosophy or psychology than about the Catechism, may do well enough at falling into hysterical love-scenes when she is wooing the poor creature about to become her husband, but she will fail to teach her children the rudiments of Catechism or even a simple prayer.

Let our Catholic educators ever and everywhere see to it that religion is given its proper place, yes, even in the lists of prizes, so that it is not put in the background or obscured by myriads of other things. And let the instruction be less of the "fancy" and more of the practical, e. g. the meaning of the Church's feasts and practices, how to administer baptism in case of necessity, what to prepare for sick-calls, how to give a simple but clear answer to those who ask about our Holy Faith, etc.

Judging from the prize-lists that occasioned the foregoing lines, the branches on Religion are not given the place of honor, and seem to be in the rear, a sort of unimportant second fiddle in the grand orchestra of science. At sight of these lists one might be led to infer that, when our children advance to higher studies, they no longer need

their Catechism, that they had enough of religion when they went to grammar school—this is indeed folly. We need our Faith as long as we live, and the more we learn about it, the more we see its practical bearing on life, the more will we appreciate it. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith" (I. Ep. of St. John, chapter V, verse 4).

P. B.

FATHER TIM CASEY

As the "Limited" puffed out of the Union Station a well-groomed couple settled themselves and their sundry travelling bags in the seat in front of Father Casey, while their little son clambered up into the vacant space beside the priest. Father Casey was amused and not a little mystified to see how the lad kept looking, first at him, and then at the satchel at his feet. They rode on this way for some time until at last the boy, encouraged by the priest's engaging smile, timidly accosted him:

"Can I talk to you?"

"Certainly, my little man! Why did you think you couldn't talk to me?"

"Because you have your little black satchel. The sisters told us that we mustn't talk to the priest when we see him going along the street with his little black satchel,—and I didn't know,—your satchel is bigger than the one Father Kearful used to carry."

"So you went to the sisters' school! Then you are a Catholic?"

"No, sir—I mean, no, Father. I went to the sisters' school for a year while we were living in Los Angeles. Mamma and Dad said there were too many bad boys in the public school."

"Well, it is all right to talk to me now," said the priest. "You see this is not the little black satchel the sisters meant. Whenever you saw Father Kearful walking down the street with his little black satchel, he was bringing Holy Communion to a sick person. In the little black satchel he had his vestments—the long black gown and the short white one that he wears when he is giving Holy Communion,—and many other things which he must bring when he visits the sick, and on his breast was a sort of gold locket; in that gold locket was Jesus whom he was bringing to the sick person. He was silently speaking with Jesus as he went along. You see it would be wrong for him to inter-

rupt his conversation with Jesus to talk with little boys—or with anybody else—unless he had some very good reason for speaking to them; then Jesus would excuse him."

"Oh, please tell me all about that! Where does the priest find Jesus? And how can He get into the little gold locket?"

"I should most gladly explain this to you, but maybe your parents would not like me to do so."

"Oh, they don't care. They like for me to talk to the priest. Only there were so many other kids at the sisters' school; they all wanted to talk to Father Kearful when he came over, and so I never got a chance."

"Did you ever see a priest say Mass?"

"Yes, sir—I mean, yes, Father,—when he wears all them nice silk clothes. And we used to sing hymns."

"Well," continued Father Casey, "about the middle of the Mass the priest lifts up the host and the chalice, the serving boy rings the bell, and everybody is so silent and devout —"

"Oh, yes, Father, I know, that's the Con's creation! If I wasn't a little Protestant, maybe I could be a serving boy too."

"You mean the Consecration. Well, at the Consecration the priest takes the host. (You know the host is a round piece of thin white bread.) And by the wonderful power that God has given him he changes it into the Body and Blood, the Soul and Divinity of Jesus. From that moment the host is no longer a piece of bread, it is really and truly Jesus. It still looks and tastes and feels like bread, but it is not bread, it is Jesus. Jesus then stays in that church in the little box or tabernacle on the altar. That is why the people make a genuflection to honor Jesus when they come into the church; that is why they kneel before the altar and talk to Jesus; that is why the little red lamp hangs from the ceiling and burns night and day to remind us that our hearts should burn continually with love for Jesus who loves us so much that He stays in the church in order to be near us. When the people come up to the altar railing for Holy Communion the priest gives them the host and they swallow it, and therefore they actually have Jesus within their breast, and He blesses them and consoles them and helps them to keep away from sin and wickedness and to be good and holy. And when anybody is dying and the devil is trying to frighten him so that he will die in despair and be lost, the priest puts the sacred host in something like a gold locket which we call a pyx.

He hangs the pyx on his breast and takes his little black satchel in his hand and hurries to the death bed. The dying person swallows the sacred host. And thus he too receives Jesus into his breast. After that he is not very much afraid to die, and the ugly devils have to give up tormenting him and sneak back to hell without him."

"Pardon me, sir," said the boy's father, turning back to speak to the priest, "I have been listening to your explanation as intently as my little boy, Irwin. May I ask you one question?"

"You may ask a thousand," returned Father Casey.

"Do you Catholics believe that the host is really the Lord Jesus, God and Man?"

"We do!"

"Do you believe that He is there in the same human Body in which He traversed Palestine and hung upon the cross?"

"Yes, the selfsame body but in its glorified form."

"Well how do you explain the presence of that body in that small host? How do you explain the presence of that one body, whole and entire, in a million hosts at the same time?"

"We do not explain it. It is a mystery, and a mystery is something that cannot be explained."

"Then why do you believe it?"

"Because Jesus Christ Himself has said it. We know that Jesus cannot tell a lie."

"But neither can Jesus Christ tell us anything that is contrary to reason—self-contradictory!"

"The presence of Jesus Christ under the appearance of bread is not contrary to reason," retorted the priest.

"Why you yourself just admitted that you could not explain it."

"That is no proof that it is contrary to reason. You believe many things that you cannot explain. You cannot explain why some of the bread that you eat is changed into flesh and some is changed into bone, and yet you believe it. You cannot explain—pardon me—why your hair is brown and your whiskers are red, and yet you believe it. If the body of Christ was present in its natural condition, with all its external relations to the place—with the place circumscribing and containing it—it would indeed be contrary to reason to say that it could be within the narrow limits of the sacred host. However the Body of Christ is not there in a natural condition, but in a supernatural condition, and, until you know the possibilities of a body in a supernatural

condition, it is presumption for you to say what is, and what is not, contrary to reason with regard to it."

"Well," objected the other, "since you are so much in the dark as regards the operations of a body in the supernatural condition, how can you be so sure that the body of Christ is present in every host?"

"Because the Church of Christ teaches it; and Christ has promised to be with His Church until the end of time directing her to teach all truth."

"Oh, I understand! It is easy enough for a Catholic to believe on the authority of the Catholic Church! But that is no argument for one who does not believe in the divinity of the Catholic Church!"

"So long," replied Father Casey, "as he refuses to believe in this fundamental truth—the divinity of the Catholic Church—it makes very little difference whether or not he believes in any of the lesser truths, such as the presence of Jesus Christ in the sacred host."

"Well, at least that difficult doctrine might prevent one from becoming a Catholic who would otherwise be convinced of the divinity of the Catholic Church."

"Quite the contrary! I have instructed more than one convert who was brought into the Church by this very doctrine, and I have never yet instructed a convert who was kept out on account of it."

"Well now, that is strange to me. I cannot account for it."

"I can very easily account for it," said Father Casey. "An unprejudiced man is ready to take Christ at his word. When Christ says, 'This is My Body; this is My Blood,' he believes that Christ means what He says."

"But if Christ intended His words to be taken in their literal sense, why was this doctrine not recognized before?"

"Before what?"

"Why, before recent years."

"Before recent years!" cried the priest. "I presume you are familiar with the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel where Christ promised to give us this sacrament adding, 'Amen, Amen I say unto you, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood you shall not have life in you,' even then His hearers understood His words in the literal sense. Many of them left Him for that very reason. If Christ did not wish His words to be taken in the literal sense, He would not have allowed all those disciples to desert Him on account of a misunderstanding. You ask why this doctrine was not

recognized until modern times! Why, the Christian Church has recognized and taught it from the very beginning. Do you know who St. Cyril, St. Ambrose, Tertullian, and so forth, were?"

"Oh, yes; I know very well. They were some of the great writers of the early Church."

"You see, sir," interposed his wife, "my husband was reading for the ministry, and so he knows all about such things. I opposed his entrance into the Church, however, and so he took up medicine instead. I think a minister, especially if he is an earnest man like my husband, is so likely to neglect his family."

"Yes, or his flock," said Father Casey.

"I think his first duty is toward his family, don't you? The Bible says: 'What God has joined together let no man put asunder.'"

"Well," returned the priest, "I am afraid I am not competent to answer that question. I cannot put myself in the angle to view it properly. It looks to me too much like trying to live in peace with two wives at the same time."

"Peace with *two* at the same time!" cried the husband throwing up his hands in mock horror. "It can't be done!"

"Since you have read for the ministry," continued Father Casey, returning to the subject, "you know that these great writers to whom I have referred give us a clear insight into the doctrines of the Church of their day. St. Cyril of Jerusalem says: 'When Christ Himself said of this bread: This is My Body, who should after that raise a doubt?

. . . Under the species of bread He gives us His Body, and under the species of wine He gives us His Blood . . . judge not by the taste but let faith assure you beyond any doubt.' Now St. Cyril was speaking to the Christians of the fourth century. Therefore you cannot call this a doctrine of recent years. Tertullian says: 'He that communicates, nourishes Himself with the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ.' Tertullian, as you know, was speaking to the Christians of the third century. Therefore you cannot call this a doctrine of recent years. St. Justin says: 'We believe that the bread and wine over which the sacramental words have been pronounced are the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ Incarnate.' St. Justin was speaking to the Christians of the second century. St. Ignatius of Antioch says: 'For it is the flesh of our Lord Jesus Christ.' St. Ignatius was speaking to the Christians of the first century. St. Paul says: 'The chalice of benediction which we bless is it not the

communion of the Blood of Christ? And the bread, which we break, is it not the partaking of the Body of the Lord?" And St. Paul was speaking to the first Christians. In the face of such evidence how can you say that this is a doctrine of recent years? Christ said: 'This is My body.' According to His own interpretation, according to the understanding of His hearers, according to the teaching of authorized Christian teachers from St. Paul's day to our own, He used the words in their strict literal sense, and therefore the unprejudiced man who believes the Bible and Christian tradition never finds any real difficulty in accepting the Catholic doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist."

The little fellow beside Father Casey looked up wistfully into his face and said:

"Father, I wish you had the little black satchel."

"Why, Irwin, then you would not be allowed to talk to me."

"I know! But Jesus would be here. I'd talk to Him."

There was silence in the car but for the panting of the engine and the clatter of wheels upon the rails. Through Father Casey's mind there ran texts like these: "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to the little ones." "Out of the mouths of babies and sucklings thou has perfected praise." "He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich He hath sent away empty."

C. D. McENNIRY, C. SS. R.

"Grant me, O Lord," said an humble soul, "that I may pass unnoticed through the world." This should be the wish, or rather the aim, of all true devotion. Counterfeit virtues require the praise of man to sustain them, just as little children require encouragement to walk or stand alone. But true virtue goes quietly through the world, scattering good around, and performing noble deeds, without even the knowledge that what it does is heroic.—*Gold Dust*.

The land of self-sufficiency may be a land of proud independence, but, oh, it is a cold, a cheerless land! It knows nothing of the warmth and confidence flowing from alternately leaning upon others and supporting them, from the mutual giving and receiving of help and counsel.

He who is never satisfied with anything, satisfies no one.

LUTHERANISM

ITS CONTENT.

Since the crisis of Arianism in the fourth and fifth centuries, none has ever so seriously affected the history of the Church as the religious revolt of the sixteenth century, commonly known as Lutheranism.

Like a clap of thunder, it engaged at once the attention of all Europe. It grew so rapidly that its adversaries had no time to strangle it in its cradle. Vast territories of Europe professed the new religion soon after its inception.

The origin of this general upheaval is a much discussed question. It is well worthy of being carefully examined, because such an examination will lead to a truer estimate of a fact that is often so imperfectly represented.

To search for the causes of an event, stupendous in its magnitude and results, in trivial circumstances, would be unreasonable. A spark produces a world-wide conflagration, but the reason is because that spark falls upon an abundance of ready material. Thus it was with Lutheranism.

Its importance and characteristics prove that it was born in Europe, and in the sixteenth century. All was ready for a great rupture; the materials for schism were at hand. The architect alone was wanting. As has already been pointed out in previous issues of the LIGUORIAN, the social, political, and literary conditions of the age furnished the material. The present article will show how the religious conditions furnished the architect in the energetic Monk of Wittenberg.

The traditional view of Protestants, in which "herald of enlightenment", "champion of freedom," "reviver of dogmas," figure so much, traces the origin of Protestantism to the irresistible and spontaneous outburst of the Christian conscience against the manifest corruption of the Roman Church.

But this view rests on no historical foundation. Protestantism was not a spontaneous outburst of the Christian conscience. It grew out of a misguided development of doctrine founded mainly on the practices of the time.

PREPARATION.

In the earlier years of Luther's development, the two great factors, Scholasticism and Mysticism, no longer exercised that dominant in-

fluence which they had enjoyed when they ruled the intellectual world.

Scholasticism was then in a period of decay. It had reached its prime in the thirteenth century. The great schoolmen of that age finished a system of theology in which they combined reverence for the traditions of the Fathers with the highest and most splendid forms of human thought. Its instrument was the syllogism and its method deduction. The unchangeable doctrines of the Church were collected into a systematic linking of propositions which were explained, defended against attack, and proved to be in accordance with reason. Never before had any age produced such a galaxy of intellectual luminaries as this age. The system was finally completed by St. Thomas, the prince of Scholastics. This teaching the Church has recognized, approved, and held up as wholesome food and excellent.

After these great masters of Scholasticism, teachers and scholars confined their efforts mainly to the propagation and defense of the doctrines taught by one or other of their favorite masters. What these men added, was mostly a great amount of subtle distinctions not seldom devoid of all meaning. They formed what is known as the Nominalistic School, a system of thought that advocated many incorrect theories about the supernatural.

Side by side with Scholasticism, another movement was in progress. Mysticism sought truth by contemplation, and union with God by purification. Though the method of Scholasticism and that of Mysticism were vastly different—the one founded on dialectics, the other on intuitive knowledge,—they were not necessarily opposed. On the contrary, they were sometimes combined in one and the same person.

While Scholasticism had already entered on its period of decline, Mysticism was bearing its choicest fruits. The evils of the fourteenth century, the plague and the many diseases which wrought havoc throughout Christendom—all contributed to predispose the people towards Mysticism. A general enthusiasm for the works of the mystics was aroused and people felt a special desire of leaving the things of the world and of cultivating union with God. In the sixteenth century, Mysticism was still in a flourishing condition.

While Mysticism attracted Luther, Scholasticism repelled him. And the reason for this is simple. As was noticed, scholastic learning was founded on dialectics. The schoolmen applied reason to the study of natural and supernatural truths. Luther's mind, on the contrary, desired a freer treatment of doctrine—one that would give more play

to his feelings and imagination. Mysticism supplied this want, and hence, appealed to him. The attraction for the extraordinary caused him eagerly to devour the works of mystic writers. It was his first fatal mistake. Had he become acquainted with the theology of St. Thomas, for instance, before he allowed himself to be carried away by the mystic world, he would not have been shipwrecked, like so many others, by a false mysticism. As it was, mysticism roused in him the disgust that was daily growing in him for theology and for the state of the Church as he viewed it.

THE STARTING POINT.

It was not merely the want of time that prevented Luther from taking a thorough course of theology; he did not even have what was equally essential, namely, a real, scholarly course in the theology of the best period of scholasticism.

The glory of scholasticism had faded. It degenerated into the Nominalism of Occam's school, which was the prevalent teaching in Luther's time. William of Occam, the chief defender of the Nominalist school, had written many noted works. In theology he came into conflict with the Holy See and one of his books was condemned. On appealing from the Pope to a General Council he was excommunicated. It is doubtful whether or not the anathema of the Church was removed at his death. Luther, from his thorough knowledge of Occam, could call him "his master".

He was still better acquainted, however, with the later theologians of the Nominalistic School, the well-known disciples of Occam namely, D'Ailly, Cardinal of Cambrai, and Gabriel Biel, Professor at Tuebingen. The great stress these men laid on Nominalism caused them to overestimate the powers of nature and to underestimate those of grace. Naturally, too, they were disposed to neglect Holy Scripture, and to give too much value to their own speculations. Especially, in the relations between faith and reason, they departed from the accepted principles of the earlier Schoolmen.

Steeped in this theology, Luther was greatly influenced by it, but diversely. Most of its elements repelled him, particularly, such doctrines as exalted the powers of nature above those of grace. Since he deemed these doctrines the essential tenets of Scholasticism, he blindly charged the whole Scholastic movement with erroneous views. A better acquaintance with those shining lights of the Middle Ages,

the great Schoolmen, Albert the Great, St. Thomas Aquinas, and St. Bonaventure, whose teaching held the first rank in the Church, owing to the approval of the Holy See, would have prevented this mistake. It was just these men who assigned the proper place to nature and to grace. But he sweepingly condemned Scholasticism, and honored all Scholastic theologians with the dignified appellation of "sow theologians".

What was he to do? He had deliberately discarded the only theology of which he knew. There was but one way open to him. He must grope about for a new system. Excessive love for his own opinion, combined with a spirit of contradiction, soon set him on a path of his own.

As he himself confesses (after 1530), finding that the penances of his monastery did not procure for him that peace for which his soul so earnestly longed, he gave them up entirely and came to believe that good works were of no avail for salvation, that they were to be performed because God enjoined them, but that man was justified by faith alone.

This was the fundamental principle upon which he built his new theology. Such of the elements of Nominalism that conformed more with his feelings and ideas, he greedily seized upon and fitted them into his system. The inward falling away from his life as a religious and a priest, and more particularly, his spirit of independence and self-sufficiency made him ripe for the great struggle that was about to commence. Protestantism was preparing.

APOSTASY.

The crisis came in 1517. In order to obtain funds for the rebuilding of St. Peter's in Rome, Pope Leo X had commissioned the Dominicans to preach that an Indulgence would be granted to all who would make contributions. These donations would be looked upon as good works which the Church always requires as one of the conditions for obtaining the remission of temporal punishment due to sin.

Luther, aroused by such a proceeding, and excited by abuses, which, no doubt, were connected with the preaching of the Indulgence, published his ninety-five theses. The prominence occasioned by this bold attack launched Luther on the road to revolt.

In the discussions that followed, Rome intervened. Luther was cited to appear before Cardinal Cajetan at Augsburg to offer explana-

tions. It was then that he became more fixed in his new and to him consoling dogma of faith alone. Though the errors of his teaching were clearly shown, he refused to recant.

Events now followed each other rapidly. Fearing that this refusal would call forth the excommunication of the Church he made an appeal to a General Council. In December of the same year he gave clear indications that he was gradually cutting himself away from the authority of the Church. At the same time he transformed the faith necessary for justification into a mere fiducial faith,—an act of confidence in the merits of Christ,—without any reference to the other truths of faith, and the authority of the Church. He established his justification by faith alone. It was the first idea of Protestantism.

But Luther did not stop here. At Leipsic, in the summer of 1519, Eck and Carlstadt held a disputation into which the reformer, provoked by the theses of Eck, entered. The main point at issue was the primacy of the Holy See. Eck, with his extensive knowledge of the teachings of theologians and his ready acquaintance with the decisions of the Church, stood his ground against the often virulent attacks of his opponents. On the second day of the controversy, he succeeded in wresting from Luther statements that were entirely out of keeping with Catholic doctrine. Luther denied the infallibility of the Pope and General Councils. He asserted likewise that that only which could be established by Holy Scripture was to be admitted as true in religion. Thus was born the second idea of Protestantism, the principle of private judgment.

The affair having been brought to the notice of the Holy See, the Pope published the Bull "Exsurge Domine", in which forty-two of Luther's propositions were condemned and he himself threatened with excommunication should he not recant within sixty days.

Obstinately adhering to his standpoint, Luther would listen to no proposals of reconciliation. His amazing power for work gave him no rest. It was at this time, when he was threatened with the Bull of excommunication, that he composed his work addressed, "To the Christian Nobles of the German Nation, on improving the Conditions of Christianity". This book was directed against the alleged crimes of the Papacy, and indicated the manner in which Germany might break away from Rome and undertake its own reformation. The primary object was to show that the various degrees in the hierarchy of the Church were but hypocritical inventions.. All men are priests.

Here we find for the first time the idea of a priesthood common to all the faithful. It is the third principle of Protestantism.

By the end of August of the same year the active reformer had already published a new book, "On the Babylonish Captivity of the Church," in which he destroyed whatever vestiges of Catholic doctrine remained for him. He attacked the seven Sacraments, of which he retained only three, namely, Baptism, The Last Supper, and a portion of Penance, and declared that these must first be freed from any connection with the Papacy. Other observances of the Papacy, such as celibacy of the clergy and the whole matrimonial law, should also be set aside.

A third pamphlet soon followed, "On the Freedom of a Christian Man." It contained a summary of the new theology,—Luther's final step by which he definitely broke away from the Church. He raised the standard of revolt and his doctrines found responsive echoes in thousands of hearts. All this occurred before Rome passed her sentence of excommunication. The trial had lasted too long, much too long, considering the state of Germany and the principles involved. The condemnation came at last in the Bull "Decet Romanum Pontificem", of January 3, 1521.

CONCLUSION.

From this brief sketch, rough and incomplete though it be, it is quite clear that the principle cause of the religious revolt is not to be found in abuses existing at the time. Protestantism was set in motion by an obstinate monk who built his system upon a wrongly developed doctrine.

Luther's triumph was of short duration. Even during his lifetime the religion to which he had given his name began to resolve itself into a shapeless collection of innumerable sects, all opposed to each other, and agreeing only in one point,—in protesting against the authority of the Church. These changes show us that it is not in possession of the truth, for that which changes is not truth.

On the other hand, that Church which it had tried to supplant, stands out today vigorous as ever and rises above the ruins of Protestantism like a mighty Gibraltar, often assailed, still unshaken, commanding the attention and reverence of the nations of the world. Assuredly it is to her, and to her alone, that Christ has addressed the

promise, "I shall be with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

T. A. KOHNEN, C. Ss. R.

HOLY COMMUNION

"God," says the Royal Prophet, "hath made a remembrance of His wonderful works, being a merciful and gracious Lord; He hath given food to them that fear Him" (Ps. 110, 4, 5). The Blessed Eucharist is the summary of all the wonders wrought by God. It surpasses all the works of the creation, for under the appearances of bread and wine Jesus Christ is really present as God and man. The Eucharist surpasses the work of the Redemption, for it is not only a sacrifice equal to and identical with that of the cross, since it is its repetition, continuation, perpetuation and application, but it is also the food of our souls, uniting us most intimately with Him and rendering us "partakers of the divine nature" itself, says St. Peter (I. 1, 2). It is, indeed, the "remembrance" of all that God has done for us.

The Eucharist is the most excellent gift that God can bestow upon us. The excellence of a gift depends, first, on the dignity of the giver. In the Eucharist Jesus Christ Himself is the Giver. How greatly should we appreciate even the least gift from such a Giver! Secondly, the excellence of a gift depends on the gift itself. The Eucharist is so great a gift, that none greater, or even so great, can be found, for the Eucharist is Jesus Christ Himself; and although He is almighty, He cannot bestow a greater gift than Himself. Thirdly, the excellence of a gift depends on the affection that prompts the gift. Does not our divine Saviour Himself say: "Greater love than this no man hath, than that he lay down his life for his friends?" (John 15, 13). But Jesus Christ has not only manifested this *greater* love for us who were His enemies, for we were all sinners, by dying for us the most ignominious death on the cross; but He loved us so tenderly, that He died thus, in order to be able to give us His own flesh and blood as the food of our souls, and thereby most intimately and inseparably unite Himself with us, for there is no union more close and inseparable than that of our food and ourselves. Finally, the excellence of a gift depends on its wonderful effects. The intimate union of our soul with

Jesus Christ in Holy Communion renders us, as we have seen, "partakers of the divine nature. Hence we become thereby enlightened in the mysteries of our holy religion, as were the two disciples going to Emmaus on the day of resurrection; it bestows on us heavenly joys, purifies us of the stains of human weakness and frailty, arms and strengthens us to combat our passions and renders us generous in the service of God, as we can learn from the example of the early Christians and martyrs; finally, it strengthens us in the practice of virtue and secures to us eternal life.

What excess of goodness and love does not the Son of God manifest in holy Communion for us, poor, frail and sinful creatures! He comes to dwell in us, that we also may dwell in Him. "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me and I in him." This is not intended as a *transitory* visit on His part, for He intends it as a permanent visit, as an inseparable union, just as the union between our body and its food admits of no separation, for such is the prayer Jesus addresses to His heavenly Father: "That they may be one as We are one; I in them, and Thou in Me" (John 17, 22, 23).

Why this intimate union between Jesus and us? That by living in us, He may become our spiritual life and sanctify and strengthen us; that He may kindle divine love in us together with zeal for the divine glory, and that we may have the pledge of a glorious resurrection and eternal life. "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day" (John 6, 55). How many favors may we not expect from Jesus Christ, who gives Himself to us in holy Communion, in order to enrich us with His gifts and to promote the work of our salvation. How wonderful the effects of holy Communion in so many virgins, so many penitents, so many martyrs, so many confessors of the faith, who practiced heroic virtue, overcame the fiercest assaults of their own passions, of the world and of the evil spirits, who performed great austerities, and underwent the most cruel torments human ingenuity ever devised, in order to remain faithful to God until death! Why do we not find in the various sects as in the Catholic Church individuals heroically devoting themselves to a life of poverty, chastity and obedience, in order to serve for the love of God the poor, the aged, the orphans, and to care for those afflicted with every kind of contagious and repulsive diseases, even leprosy, and for the outcasts of society, and performing all these works of Christian charity with as great care and tenderness, as if they

performed them for Jesus Christ Himself? Whence do those devoted religious and missionaries derive their strength, their heroic charity? From frequent holy Communion, which unites them most intimately with our divine Saviour and imparts His very life to them and enables them to say with St. Paul: "I live, not I, but Christ liveth in me" (Gal. 2, 20). How ardently we should long for holy Communion, the greatest treasure Jesus has left us on earth! What do not men undertake to acquire wealth, learning, influence, office, fame and to enjoy pleasures! But in holy Communion we have some thing infinitely greater, better and more valuable! How eagerly we should profit by every opportunity of receiving holy Communion! Magdalen, being told that Jesus called her, "arose at once" and went to Him (John 11, 29). Zacheus, when Jesus called him down from the tree he had climbed, saying to him: "It behooveth Me to stay this day at thy house," came down at once "and received Him with joy" (Luke 19, 6). Our divine Saviour calls every one of us, as He did Magdalen and Zacheus: "Come eat My bread and drink the wine which I have mingled for you" (Prov. 9, 5). "I am the bread of life . . . If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever" (John 6, 48, 52).

Every Catholic is obliged to receive holy Communion *at least* once a year and that during the Easter season. He who neglects to fulfill this obligation, not only is guilty of mortal sin but is even *liable* to be excluded from membership of the Church, and to be no longer considered as a Catholic. On the other hand, a good, practical and fervent Catholic, who is zealous for his salvation and really dearly loves God, will go to holy Communion as often as he can. Let us bear in mind that it is the will of Jesus Christ Himself, that we should frequently receive holy Communion, for He says: "If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever . . . Except you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath everlasting life" (John 6, 52, 54, 55). Mark the present tense our Lord uses. He does not say: "If any man has eaten," nor "Except you have eaten," nor "He that hath eaten," but He uses the present tense, "If any man eat," etc., to denote a habit, the habitual or frequent receiving of holy Communion, and *it is to such a habit* that He promises life everlasting, or salvation.

The early Christians understood this well. Whenever it was possible they were wont to receive holy Communion every day. The great Council of Trent expresses the wish that priests should celebrate Mass

every day, that the faithful should, if possible, daily assist at Mass, and receive holy Communion whenever they assist at this most holy Sacrifice, that is, every day, if possible. All the Fathers of the Church recommend and urge all the faithful, whatever be their state of life, to receive holy Communion frequently, or even daily. St. John Chrysostom expects every one to receive holy Communion whenever he assists at Mass. St. Jerome says that it is a real happiness for him to be able to testify, that in Rome and in Spain the faithful were accustomed to receive holy Communion daily. St. Augustine, in his explanation of the "Our Father" says: "Holy Communion is the 'daily bread' we pray God to 'give us this day', that is, every day. Know, therefore," he concludes, "that it behooves you daily to receive holy Communion. Live, then, so as to be worthy to receive Jesus Christ every day."

Frequent and even daily Communion is the ardent wish of Jesus Christ and His Church for all those who can possibly receive it daily. Therefore, our late Pope, the saintly Pius X, approved on December 20, 1905, a decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Council concerning daily holy Communion, in which we read the following passages: "1. Frequent and daily Communion, being most earnestly desired by Christ our Lord and by the Catholic Church, should be accessible to all the faithful, of whatever rank or condition of life, so that no one who is in the state of grace, and who approaches the Holy Table with an upright and devout intention, can be lawfully hindered therefrom. 2. A right intention is had by him who goes to Holy Communion, not out of routine or vain glory, or human respect, but in order to please God, or to be more closely united to Him by charity, and to make use of this divine remedy to oppose to his weakness and defects. 3. Although it is far more expedient that those who frequently or daily receive holy Communion, should be free from venial sins, especially from those that are fully deliberate, and also from affection to such sins, nevertheless, *it suffices* that they be free from mortal sin, and be resolved never more to commit mortal sin; if they are thus sincerely resolved, daily communicants cannot but gradually get rid of their venial sins and of all affection for the same. 4. The communicants should be careful to make a serious preparation for holy Communion, and, after holy Communion, a suitable thanksgiving according to each one's strength, circumstances and duties. 5. Each one should ask his confessor's advice concerning frequent and daily Communion."

So long as the early Christians were faithful in the practice of daily Communion, they were fervent in the service of God and models of virtue. Their daily holy Communion enabled them cheerfully to overcome temptation, to bear even trial, to make every sacrifice, and to undergo torments and even death for their holy faith. But when, in the course of time, they gradually became remiss in this holy practice, their fervor also relaxed, and they grew cold and indifferent in the service of God and began to live like the pagans around them.

Our own interest requires frequent holy Communion on our part, for we are weak, spiritually infirm and helpless of ourselves, often sorely tempted. There is no better means of acquiring spiritual health and strength, than to partake daily, if possible, or at least frequently, of the Bread of Angels, the Bread of the strong, for we thereby participate in the power, in the virtues of the Son of God; for then we shall live, like St. Paul, by the life of Jesus: "I live now not I, but Christ liveth in me" (Gal. 2, 20).

On the other hand, he who never or but seldom receives holy Communion, is spiritually weak, and grows daily weaker and weaker, and may apply these words of the psalmist to himself: "I am smitten as grass, and my heart is withered, because I forgot (neglected) to eat my bread" (Ps. 101, 5). He easily yields to temptations, for he has not the strength to resist and overcome them, because he fails to feed his soul with the fortifying "living Bread from heaven." Hence he soon becomes the slave of some evil habit, which gradually becomes a second nature to him and leads him to perdition!

To conclude, "he that loves Jesus Christ much," says St. Augustine, "eats often of the Bread of life, and he that eats often of it, loves Jesus Christ daily more and more."

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. SS. R.

In the hope of finding the owner's name we looked through the pocketbook that had been forgotten in a pew near the confessional. There was a powder puff, a theater ticket, thirty-five cents, and a rain check,—but no rosary.

The Catholic Church deems it her duty everywhere to spread the spirit of peace and to labor to preserve the tranquility of kingdoms and peoples.—*Leo XIII.*

EJACULATORY PRAYERS

The easiest means of practising vocal prayer consists in uttering fervent ejaculations. These pious outpourings of the heart need not be restricted to any particular time or place. They are in order at all times and in all places, at work, at meals, at recreation, at home or away from home. They may take the form of acts of desire, conformity, love, oblation, or self-denial; they may be acts of petition, thanksgiving, humility, confidence, and the like. The saints of God placed greater value on these little prayers than on long devotions because the former are more apt to keep us in the presence of God.

St. John Chrysostom says that he who frequently utters ejaculations closes the door against Satan and prevents his constant annoyance with evil thoughts. It is by acts of love, conformity, and self-oblation, together with the invocation of the holy names of Jesus and Mary that we give the greatest pleasure to God. One who loves thinks constantly of the object of his love. A soul that loves God will therefore always think of Him and seek occasions by fervent sighs and ejaculations to manifest her love. Be careful on all occasions, whether alone or in company, to say frequently in your heart: "O my God, I desire only Thee and nothing else;" or, "I give myself wholly to Thee; I desire what Thou desirest; do with me according to Thy good pleasure." These few words alone are enough: "My God, I love Thee!" or, "My love, my All!" You may also, without uttering a word, raise your eyes to heaven or cast a loving glance at the tabernacle or at a crucifix. These silent acts are especially to be recommended because they require no effort, they can more frequently be made, and are often attended with greater fervor than other ejaculations.

The perfection of divine love consists in the union of our will with the will of God. Therefore we may not desire anything but that which God desires. If we do His holy will, no matter to what station in life the Lord may call us, we shall surely arrive at holiness. It will be profitable then to select choice passages from Holy Scripture and to repeat them often in order to foster a union of our will with God's will. For example, say often with the Apostle: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts, 9, 6). In contradictions and afflictions of body and soul say with our Blessed Redeemer: "My God and my

Father, be it done to me as Thou wilt" (Mt. 11, 26). "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

THIRTEEN CRYING BABIES AND NEARLY A TRAGEDY

It was a hot day in July. The sun burned down relentlessly on the streets of the great western metropolis. Down in the crowded slum districts, babies lay on the sidewalks, parched with thirst, while their ragged but sturdy mothers were looting an ice-wagon that chanced that way, and stealing a few cooling bits to revive their drooping, wilting child-flowers.

Agatha Lossinger was a trained nurse at Howard Hospital, one of the big hospitals of the city. She, too, felt the heat and was sadly depressed as she went the rounds of her work this afternoon. Many a duty she performed imperfectly or negligently, not because she wished to, but because being a child of Eve, she yielded to weakness and love of ease now and then, and again and again the ring of the bell calling her to some room was left unanswered. Strange to say,—yet as often happens on such occasions, and oftenest indeed to those who generally try their best and yield to nature only on rarest occasions and under strains hardly bearable,—every one of her lapses was detected by the head-nurse, who, herself a little strained by the heat, reprimanded her sharply. At last she found Agatha saying a word to a visitor: how could she tell she had not been talking for half an hour? Anyway, it seemed so in the heat.

"Miss Lossinger," she snapped, "you lose your time off this afternoon; take Miss Lowden's place in the children's ward."

Without a word, Agatha looked at her wrist-watch. She was too listless almost to get angry. It was just about the hour for the afternoon free-time, for which she had been sighing, and now instead of going out with Micky, as she called her friend, Miss McLaughlin, she must go to the children's ward, up on the fourth floor.

Just then Micky came hurrying down the corridor.

"Coming?" she asked as she approached.

"Mm," hummed Agatha, with a negative shake of her head that

was not any too cheerful,—for fear of saying something worse if she tried to say more.

Micky came up to her, and from the soft light in her eyes and the quivering lips and the way she took Agatha's hand, you could see at a glance that she divined the reason of Agatha's refusal. But Agatha, feeling that tears stood on the brink of her own burning eyes, resolved she was not going to let them escape. Putting out her arms she kept Micky at a distance.

"Don't," she begged; "you'll have to go alone today; I must go up to the Babies' Ward. Things have been going wrong this afternoon. I haven't time to talk." And waving her hand at Micky she hurried up the steps to the fourth floor. On her way, she passed the head nurse again. At sight of her, Agatha braced up and quickened her languid pace. Show she was piqued? Never.

When she reached the children's ward she sat down near the electric fan, and then surveyed her surroundings. She would not rest her head on her hands, because she felt that would bring on a spell of the blues. She counted the cradles.

"Thirteen," she murmured, and, with a subconscious dread of this unlucky number, she quickly added: "perhaps not every cradle is occupied." Whereupon she rose to make sure.

"Yes,—one,—two,—three," she repeated, half aloud; there was no reason for counting in that manner: but it was so dreamy, so languid, that her mind seemed just to crawl along. "Four, five, six," she went on, up to thirteen. But what could she do? Throw one of the babies out of the window? Hardly.

"I suppose I must put up with it. At least," she reflected, "I make fourteen. But then,—I'm no baby. And so, there are always thirteen."

There is no telling to what wise solution her ingenious speculations on this serious problem would have led, if a faint cry as of a lamb's bleating, had not interrupted her.

"O, you little dear," she cooed, running over to the squirming little heap of pink flesh and white linen from which the sound seemed to come. "What's the matter, Sissy, eh? Come to nurse!" So saying she placed a mussed-up, fever-red little face beside her own cheek. "So, now you're all right."

But Sissy was not going to be bribed so easily into silence. She drew a long, long breath and then with a vigor that made her vocal

chords rasp like a worn-out phonograph record, she let out her voice. What she was calling, Agatha failed to grasp, but it must have meant murder, fire, rats, sour milk and everything horrible to baby minds because in an instant two babies near by caught up the cry.

"Sht, Sht!" whispered Agatha more earnestly than before. Bringing over her chair, she took the two babies with Sissy in her lap, and started to hum a lullaby for the three. They listened wonderingly a moment. Soft however as Agatha's voice was, she was no siren; for again the babies three took up their interrupted chant. Two more, in neighboring cradles joined in. Agatha could not take them into her arms, so she pulled their cradles nearer that they, too, might be soothed by her crooning. The only result was, the remaining eight baby voices swelled the chorus, while arms and legs swirled in the air with a vigor that must have made all the atoms of the atmosphere scamper around in dread and wonderment.

"Be still!" commanded Agatha sweetly.

"Wha!" came the response, louder than ever.

"Bogie-man will get you!"

"Wha—," the same refrain.

"Hushaby, lullaby, little bo-peep.

Shut yours eyes, fairy wise, now go to sleep!" sang Agatha.

"Wha"—it was all the babies seemed minded to reply. And Agatha could not think of anything else to sing, and she had said all she could say except the things she mustn't say. But the babies went on crying. That broke her spirit: her eyes twitched a moment, her breath came quick and short, her breast heaved convulsively, she gulped, and then, her head fell disconsolately on her breast, as the tears rushed down her cheeks like a torrent with nothing to stop them, for in each arm she held a baby. She was crying with the rest.

All unnoticed to Agatha a woman had come into the ward. She looked for all the world like a ghost: she was clad in a night-gown; she was pale as death and worn to a skeleton. At every step she threatened to collapse. In her eyes was the light of fever, mingled with mother-love and anger: such a combination as made them fairly burn. She stumbled rather than walked up to Agatha.

"Why—don't—you quiet—my baby!" she gasped, with lips quivering from anger and weakness. "Why don't you—see—what's wrong—with her? Don't you see—something's—ailing her?"

But Agatha thought it was the head nurse and she did not even look up.

"Miss Lossinger,"—went on the apparition, with voice shriller, more passionate though weaker than before, "I shall have you—reported—for incompetence."

Incompetence or no incompetence, Agatha inwardly defied anyone to take care of thirteen squawling babies—an unlucky number, too. Still she did not answer. The woman, losing patience, gave Agatha a resounding blow on the cheek, with her bony hand.

"Attend to—your duty," she said through clenched teeth, "you cry-baby,—or give up—nursing!"

The effort exhausted her and she swooned and would have fallen to the floor had not an interne rushing in, come just in time to catch her in his arms. He carried her away to her room—the nearest to the babies' ward. Agatha, however, had jumped up so quickly that she almost dropped one of the little ones—whom the sudden commotion had silenced as effectively as a gag. She was still standing dumb-founded when the interne came back. It was young Dr. Thring. He was a familiar figure to all on the fourth floor. His long white apron neatly thrown about him added height to his medium size, while it brought out, as in relief, the broadness of his shoulders. If you had seen only his chin and lower jaw, tinted darkly by a clean-shaven heavy beard, you would have received the impression of manliness; but together with his eyes and forehead, his features plainly said: "I'll do what I like." They were the eyes and forehead of a sensualist.

"Come," he said, taking one of the babies from Agatha and placing it in its cradle; "You've been having a rather trying time this afternoon. Mrs. Brascome was unjust, insulting, and can be pardoned only by reason of her sickness. How she got out of bed I don't know. She must have heard her baby's voice and been crazed by its crying."

"Thank you for your kindness," said Agatha, with a irrelevance that made her words seem icy. She busied herself putting the babies into their cradles and started to leave. But the interne confronted her. There was a touch of bitterness in his voice, as he spoke, ignoring her remark.

"The blow must have stung you; your cheek is still red," and he tried to caress it.

"Oh, it's nothing," replied Agatha, breaking away.

"But she may report you for incompetence, Miss Lossinger,—what then?"

Agatha looked non-plussed. The interne did not fail to note it.

"Come Agatha," he said, taking her hand and holding it perforce, "Come now, and listen to me." His voice trembled passionately. "I've asked you to go out with me, again and again; you would not. I've told you time and again of my love for you—you would not hear me. Say 'yes' to me now and I'll see that nothing comes of this."

"How dare you take advantage of me in this way!"

"I am not taking unfair advantage," he tried to excuse himself. "I did not create the occasion, did I?"

"Thank you for your kindness," Agatha answered, looking around anxiously. She stood between two cradles with the wall behind her: a bird in a gilded cage. "But, come what will," she went on, "I cannot say 'yes' to you."

He pressed closer to her, drew her to himself, till his words struck her face like red hot needles, as they came out of his mouth tipped with red passion.

"Is it the old objection,—your faith?"

"That and everything," she said, forcing her face away; "everything," she repeated; "I never did,—I can't love you."

"You mean this? You never will take this back?"

"No; one who can take such advantage of a woman as you are taking of my plight, is not trustworthy. If you don't let me go now, I shall scream for help."

Fortunately there was no need. A hurried step was heard approaching the babies' ward. Quickly the interne relinquished his hold, to stoop over one of the cradles as if ministering to its tiny occupant. Agatha hurried away to meet the head-nurse at the door. Together they walked back into the room. Agatha giving an account of the afternoon's happenings, except the last.

Nothing was unnoticed by the interne, whose eyes blazed with an uncanny ferocity as he watched each move the young woman made.

"I'll have you yet" he gnashed, "you or *him*. You shall be sorry for this." He walked deliberately near the two women to hear what they might be saying; but he could not.

"Good evening," he said aloud as he passed near them; then turning so as to be seen only by Agatha, he threw a kiss at her. She turned away disgusted,—and the iron of passion, flaming red, burnt

deeper into the man's heart. As he hurried out of the hospital, every nurse he met seemed to him to smile knowingly and say: "You were toiled again." And again he swore: "I will bring you to your knees yet."

II.

Mr. Thring went out that night with a chance acquaintance picked up at his eating place, a cabaret singer with whom he resolved to enjoy his evening, as if he were revenging himself on Agatha by so doing. He had, alas, taken more wine than he could bear and in the slight frenzy that seized him, the picture of Agatha burned into his mind in the midst of his enjoyment, like the ghost of Banquo. He danced with his partner,—but all the time the other girl blazed before him. He could stand it no longer. At last, it was past twelve, he went home to his rooming place, only to find everyone looking for him. A call had come from the hospital,—his services were required. That seemed to sober him up immediately, and hurrying over, he bent to his work with his usual adroitness and care.

It was when his work was done that it dawned on him where he was,—and as he walked slowly along the corridor of the fourth floor, in the stillness of the night, the lights burning low and making shadows seem like spectres, the whole scene was enacted before his imagination again. And again he gritted his teeth: She will kneel yet!"

He stopped and looked around. No one astir! He looked up at the door before him—it stood ajar. "420" he whispered mechanically—"why, that's Mrs. Brascome," and he tiptoed in. As he looked down at the sick woman, pale, wasted away, her features distraught by feverish dreams, a fiendish idea seemed to take hold of him.

"Agatha will have charge of her tomorrow; this medicine must be administered in the morning,—almost her first duty. Ha! Mrs. Brascome will die anyway—she has no chance. But to have her die through the nurse's carelessness . . . yes, through revenge . . . she slapped her face . . . he threatened to have her disgraced . . . Ha! Agatha, you will beg me now."

He took up the bottle that stood on the table next to the sick woman's bed, and producing a little flask from his pocket, proceeded to empty its poisonous contents into the medicine. The sick woman stirred and Dr. Thring was so startled that he almost dropped both bottles. He leaned over the woman. "Ah! How my heart did flutter!

But it's only a delirious sleep." Finishing his work he set the bottle in its place. He tiptoed to the door and listened,—no sound. He looked up and down the corridor,—no one stirred.

"There," he said, as he stood on the threshold, "that will relieve you and it will bring Agatha to her knees. . . . Her own hand will seal her doom."

He went away satisfied that now he would have his revenge.

III.

In the morning, at her usual hour, fresh as the morning dew and bright as the sunshine that streamed in through all the windows, Agatha put in her appearance on the fourth floor. Her eyes glistened with the spirit of the songbird's lilting tune in the garden trees. Noiselessly, more thoughtfully than ever, for she had been to Communion that morning, she walked along the corridor. As she reached Mrs. Brascome's room, she noticed that the patient was unusually restless. In fact, when she entered and saw the patient she was somewhat alarmed. Taking up her pad she noted the time and the sick woman's condition, and then turned to leave. Hardly had she crossed the threshold, when, the creaking of the bed told her the patient was attempting to rise. To turn back was impulse and act at once. The woman was in convulsions: the whole bed shook; she foamed at the mouth, and from her frothy lips, half-opened, came a lolling sound that was neither language nor cry,—but hideous it was and repulsive. Quickly as Agatha had turned, she was not fast enough; for with a great effort the patient tried to rise from the bed, only to fall out and upset the table that stood beside the bed. With one arm Agatha prevented the woman from striking the floor; with the other hand she caught the table, but the medicine bottle that stood on it, shot across the polished floor, spilling its contents, yet not breaking.

"There," said Agatha aloud, "more trouble. The medicine is gone and I should give it to her in a few moments. Well, I'll run down to the pharmacy and have it refilled." And, thinking the bottle broken she hurried off for a new one. Then, having administered the medicine, she proceeded to set the room in order. The bottle, that lay on the floor, was picked up and the cork having been replaced, was set on the table again. The contents had not all run out. In the midst of her work Dr. Thring appeared. It was with mingled dread and savage joy that he looked at the sick woman. He had heard the

commotion a while ago and attributed it to the poison he had prepared. Ha! his revenge was beginning! He turned from the patient and took up the bottle from the table.

"There is no chance for *her*," he said, with peculiar emphasis; "she is gone. Something has happened here. Did you give her this medicine?"

"Yes, sir," replied Agatha, unsuspectingly; "at the hour marked."

"Do you know what this is? It is poison," he added, lowering his voice, but increasing its stress.

"Poison?" re-echoed the frightened nurse; "you lie; it is the medicine you ordered."

"Yes, the medicine I ordered," he repeated slowly, cynically; "but,—you put poison into it, you understand? You revenged yourself, you understand?" The truth, the horrible truth was dawning on the girl and the man read it in her eyes. "You are in my clutches now. Will you say 'yes'?" he asked softening; "or," he began again and paused,— "or,—will you lose your place, name, reputation, all, to find a place in jail with fallen women?"

Agatha went white. In her terror power to think apparently abandoned her; to her it seemed there was no way out. Dizziness seized her at the very thought of the consequences. She was innocent, never even could have conceived the idea; but who would believe it—how could she prove it. She tottered over toward the table for support. Then doubt arose: perhaps he was only taunting her. If she could only make sure! She snatched at the bottle in the doctor's hand. But he grasped her firmly by the wrist, while he held the bottle away.

"No, no! the proof of your deed is in here, do you understand?" His repetition of that word seemed to drive the awful thought into her mind just as each blow of a hammer drives a nail deeper and deeper. "You did not empty it entirely and the autopsy will show it was this you gave.

"O Angel Guardian," she murmured to herself, as if talking to her ever present friend, "what shall I do?" She wrenched her hand from his grasp and crumpled to her knees beside the table, her head sinking despairfully on her arm. As it did, it grazed some object;—almost mechanically she looked up to move the object aside. It was a bottle, and thoughtlessly she held it up to the light. At that moment a flood of reminiscence swept over her countenance. Her glance fled

from the bottle in her hand to that which the Doctor held, and back again. Could it be? She clutched it tightly.

But the doctor was coming toward her now, and with a leering smile stood over her.

"Will you?" he asked. "I shall save you,—more than that!" he continued, stroking her hair.

"Get away!" she exclaimed with strange strength. And jumping to her feet, stood with the table between herself and the doctor. "Keep your distance! Don't touch me, you would-be mur . . ." She was afraid to say it, however. "No, I cannot marry you, I *will* not."

"Then you are disgraced. Here is my evidence." He pointed triumphantly to the woman who was now lying pale and motionless like a real corpse in the bed.

"Why, there is *my* evidence!" said Agatha, and there was a ring of confidence in her voice that roused tantalizing suspicions in the doctor's mind.

"What do you mean?" he asked, bending down over the patient to listen for her breath. "She is dead," he added, seeking her pulse; "she is . . . no! she lives still . . . but she will be dead from this," he concluded holding the bottle toward her, "it is sure; I saw to that."

"But I did not give her that bottle, do *you* understand," replied Agatha using the words that had galled her. "She knocked it off the table in her convulsions, and I gave her this."

"You are a liar!" cried the doctor, yet at the same time, seeming to feel the truth flashing from her innocent eyes, he turned as if to go, putting the bottle in his pocket. One step forward, a quick move of her arm, and Agatha had torn the bottle from his hand.

The man cursed fearfully and raised his arm to strike her down. She was already on the other side of the table. For a moment he looked like a broken man, then the bully awoke in him again. He walked up to the table and resting his hands on it, he smiled cynically at her, as if he despised her, thought her a child.

"Well," he said, "what are you going to do now?"

She had not thought about it. But, acting on the impulse of her generous heart, she emptied the bottle into the tray for refuse, thus destroying every vestige of the man's sinister attempt.

"Now," she said solemnly—in her countenance all the majesty of Michael Angelo's Moses,—“you get out and stop annoying me.”

He realized what she had done. He went out and that very day offered his services in one of the hospital units destined for the Roumanian Front.

The patient stirred. Agatha bent over her saying:

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Brascome!" And gently, tenderly with all the deftness of a mother caring for her new born child, she raised the patient's body slightly in her arms pressing her close to her breast, while she smoothened out the bed clothes and rearranged the pillows. What a comfort to the sick one it seemed. She smiled and tried to speak.

"I seem to have had a bad dream. Were you with me?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"All the time?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The woman's eyes opened wide and full upon Agatha.

"You are Miss Lossinger? . . . I believe I wronged you yesterday. Will you forgive me? and let us be friends always. . . . How many babies were they? . . .

"Thirteen," replied Agatha, smiling happily.

"Thirteen?" repeated the woman; "how strange!"

"But not at all unlucky." And Agatha hurried away to think it all over.

AUGUSTINE ZELLER, C. SS. R.

The Apostolic See was the common center at which the nations sought not only the doctrine of faith and religion, but the means to bring about peace and the wise counsels for administering their affairs.
—*Pope Leo XIII.*

To want peace without God is an absurdity seeing that where God is absent, there, too, justice flies, and when justice is taken away, it is vain to cherish the hope of peace.—*Pope Pius X.*

I sigh sometimes to see thy face,
But since this may not be,
I'll leave thee to care of Him,
Who cares for thee and me.—*Selected.*

	Catholic Anecdotes	
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THE POOR MAN'S VIEW

It was the day of the dedication of the Cathedral of Diakovo in Hungary. A workman, in clothes that gave evidence of his poverty, stayed on after the ceremony, as if loath to leave the House of God. When at last he came out, a stranger who seemed to have been waiting for him, stopped him and asked him the meaning of all the ceremony. The poor man explained politely and would have continued on his way. But the wealthy tourist detained him.

"Do you know, he said, "my good friend, I was watching you during the entire service, and a thought came to me that has often been in my mind before. It seems to me, a little of that which is wasted in such profusion on this superb building would be a great help for you and such as you."

"And I, sir," replied the poor man, "was very happy as I knelt there. I prayed especially for our good Bishop. How good it was of him to build this beautiful Cathedral in order to show us to some extent on earth how grand Paradise will be!"

It is the old story—the man who spends lavishly on his home and pleasure, often thinks nothing wasted except what is spent on the House of God.

A WONDERFUL FLAVOR

St. Elizabeth of Hungary, though surrounded by the luxuries of a princely palace, led a very austere and holy life. Father Conrad, her confessor, told her, one time, that the constant and sumptuous feasting at the palace made the taxes on the people too burdensome. What did she do? She resolved to eat very sparingly, thus setting an example of frugality to all. While others around her feasted royally, she took only bread and water.

Her husband, Louis, the Prince, was annoyed at the poor and scant fare Elizabeth chose and wished to remonstrate with her. What surprised him however was that she seemed healthier and stronger

than ever. So one day, at table, he playfully lifted her cup to his lips. Lo! To his astonishment, it seemed to contain a wine, far richer and better than any he had ever tasted.

Calling the servant who had filled the cup he asked him where he had obtained this wonderful wine.

"I do not know what your lordship is speaking of," answered the servant; "I put no wine in her cup; only clear, cold water as she had commanded."

"Ah!" concluded Louis, "Elizabeth is so holy it must be that Angels minister unto her and make bitter things sweet to her."

Self-denial for love of God will sweeten anything.

THE "CREDO" IN THE WILDERNESS

When Cardinal de Cheverus was a missionary in the United States, in the early part of the last century, one Sunday morning, as he was traversing a dense forest far from any habitation, there suddenly fell upon his ears the sound of solemn, melodious singing, issuing from the thickest part of the woods. He turned his steps in that direction, and was astonished to find a band of Indians, assembled around a venerable man, singing the *Credo* in concert. The missionary's heart was touched. These pious Indians, having been converted some years previously, and having no priest to say Mass for them, desired at least to show their faith in the Church by reciting its Creed, and repeating to the echoes of solitude that they too believed.—*Ave Maria*.

POWER OF ST. GERARD'S INTERCESSION

Some years ago, in one of our eastern cities, a woman called on one of the Redemptorist Fathers and spoke to him as follows: "I was taken down with pleurisy and pneumonia. I became so sick, that I thought my end was near, and I prayed with great confidence to St. Gerard to cure me. He appeared to me, and I besought him to cure me promising I would amend my life and give him public thanks for my cure. He replied: 'Thou shalt be well again; but be sure to keep thy promise.' He disappeared, and my fever ceased and I was free from all pain. The next morning, I arose perfectly cured. However,

I had so many household duties to attend to which had been neglected during my two weeks illness, that I forgot to keep my promise. Four weeks later I relapsed into my former sickness and this more severely than before. I again had recourse to St. Gerard. He appeared again to me, saying: 'Thou hast not kept thy promise.' Thus reminded of my promise, I begged forgiveness, renewed my promise most earnestly, and now I come to tell you of it and to fulfil it, for it is only five hours since he cured me."

THE THINGS WORTH WHILE

Over three doors of the Cathedral of Milan in Italy, are three inscriptions. The first, amid a wreath of sculptured roses, reads: "All which pleases us is for a moment." Over another door, around a sculptured cross, we read: "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." On the central door we read "That only is important which is eternal."

—*Sacred Heart Review.*

"I WANT TO GO WHERE JESUS IS"

A Protestant minister, the father of a family, already attracted and drawn toward Catholicism by grace, came to London, one day, with his little five-year-old child. As they walked through the streets, they stopped to enter a Catholic Church. The little child's attention was quickly drawn to the sanctuary lamp.

"Father," she asked, "why is that lamp burning there?"

"Why, child, to tell people that Jesus is there behind the tabernacle door."

"O father," replied the child, "how I would like to see Jesus!"

"But, child, the door is not open and even if it were you could not see him, since He is hidden beneath a white veil."

So they left the church and continued their walk till they came to another church,—and again they entered. No lamp, no tabernacle here.

"Father," queried the child, "why is there no lamp here?"

"Because, child, Jesus is not here."

"Well, then," said the little one, "I want to go where Jesus is." And thenceforward she refused to go to any but the Catholic church.

The father was deeply impressed. He too, felt that he must be where Jesus is. And in due time he was received into the Catholic Church.

THE FORCE OF A GOOD LIFE

During half a century Mrs. Hill was "mother" not Mary, to Mr. James J. Hill, the late Railroad Magnate. Mr. Hill's confidence in her was supreme, and his devotion grew with the years. When he gave half a million at one time for the education of Catholic Students for the priesthood, a few years ago, and someone asked why he, a Protestant, gave so largely to the Catholic Institutions, his answer was: Ordinarily I consider that my reasons are my own; but, as you have asked,—I have given to Catholicism because it has been my privilege for more than forty years to have lived with a wonderful Catholic."

A good Catholic life is a powerful, a convincing sermon.

THE ADDER'S STING

If there is hatred in our heart, against whom is it aimed? Against strangers? No, we do not care enough for them to hate them. It is against those who have been our friends, our life-long companions. We have forgotten their countless deeds of kindness; we are blind, hopelessly blind, to everything but that *one* injury, of which, perhaps, even they did not understand the full malice.

Never let your pride prevent you from asking a reasonable favor of a friend. The favor you have received from him will do more to knit him to you in the bonds of friendship than any kindness you have ever done for him.

There is no natural love more strong, more tender, more persevering, more forgiving, than a mother's love. Yet at the same time there is none more lightly valued, more neglected, more abused, more often left unrequited.

=====	Pointed Paragraphs	=====
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THE POPE'S PLEA FOR PEACE

Our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, has spoken to the rulers of the world. He has solemnly adjured them to cease from the orgy of blood that is fast destroying the work of two thousand years of Christian civilization. The rulers of the world have not made peace.

Has the Pope then spoken in vain? Most emphatically, no! Never, even in the ages of faith, when the civilized world was Catholic, and the divine authority of the Supreme Pontiff was recognized by every civilized government, have the words of a Pope exercised such far-reaching influence upon the welfare of so many millions of men. The lonely Prisoner of the Vatican, strong in the consciousness of his divine mission, has presented the *truth* to the minds of all civilized rulers with a force and frankness that none other had the courage or the power to do. After reading his appeal, the rulers of the world realize, as never before, their accountability before God and man. They realize that they are responsible for every drop of human blood that is shed upon the field of battle, for every famished body, for every broken heart in the desolate homes. They understand that if they allow the slaughter to continue for one moment from any but the highest motive of unselfish justice they are dyeing their souls with the black stain of guilt which all the waters of the ocean can never wash away. Once the rulers of the world have been made to realize this truth, once they have been made to realize that the people of the world are judging them by this clear light, they are forced by sheer necessity to enter upon such a rigorous self-examination as will cause justice to triumph and peace once more to reign. The Pope has not spoken in vain.

LITTLE AND GREAT

One hundred and sixty-two years ago in a village near the Bay of Naples, an Italian youth died of consumption. He was born of poor parents; he first worked as a baker's helper, and afterwards became a

lay brother in the Redemptorist Order where he swept the house, cooked the meals, and waited upon the missionaries until his death at the age of twenty-nine. These lowly works he performed with such a good intention and with such great love of God that Holy Church has solemnly declared him a hero among Christians. She has reverently gathered his bones and placed them on her altars, written his name on the catalogue of canonized saints, and appointed the sixteenth day of October as the day on which the whole world should do him signal honor. Almighty God Himself has manifested to the faithful that this poor sickly boy was a hero, by working miracles—suspending the laws of nature—in answer to his supplications. In every land, thousands loudly proclaim the extraordinary spiritual and temporal favors they have received by praying to the humble lay brother, *St. Gerard Majella*.

How true it is that in the sight of God nothing is insignificant that is done with a good intention, and nothing is of any value whatever that is done out of self-love! To become a saint, to practise heroic love of God, it is not necessary to journey to foreign climes or to seek occasions to do wonderful things. There is no one that reads these lines but that would immediately become a hero in the sight of God were he to begin at once to attend to his ordinary occupations and eat and drink and take his recreation and his rest with a strong love of God and the pure intention of doing His holy will.

CATHOLIC FEDERATION CONVENTION

The American Federation of Catholic Societies met in convention in Kansas City during the week of August 26. There were present representatives of three million Catholic men and women from every state in the Union, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Alaska, and the Canal Zone. They passed resolutions for combating indecent theatres, dance halls, swimming pools, bill boards, pictures and posters, and all forms of objectionable advertising. They expressed their agreement with Pope Benedict's peace proposals, "acknowledging the timely intervention of His Holiness as a distinct advance towards the defence of humanity and the preservation of democracy in his insistence upon the principles of Christian charity and justice." They expressed their loyalty to the country: "In accordance with the unbroken tradition of the Republic we solemnly affirm our inalienable attachment to the

principles of American government. We renew the assurance of fidelity already offered to the President of the nation by the Catholic archbishops, and we pledge without reservation our blood and our treasures for the defence and perpetuation of our beloved country, which offers the fullest measure of religious, political, and economic liberty not only to its own people but to the oppressed of every land." They urged co-operation with the government's conservation program; they condemned racial hatred and outbreaks against the negroes; they endorsed the national child labor law; they upheld trades unions when "conducted so as to furnish each individual thereof the opportunity to better his condition without prejudice to the just rights of others"; and they referred to the Mexican situation as "irreligious tyranny masquerading under the name of democratic government", and urged the administration to refuse to favor any loan to Mexico until religious liberty be restored.

"PLEASURE'S SYREN LAY"

A flippant correspondent in *America* finds laughable incongruity in young women from strict Catholic homes chanting a certain popular hymn to the Blessed Virgin Mary wherein they ask protection against the allurements of sinful pleasures. Now, we opine that these young women would offend God by indulgence in sinful pleasures quite the same as anyone else. We further aver that they must practice no small amount of Christian self-denial to avoid these pleasures which appeal to them from a thousand sources. Faith tells us that they would not be able to practise this Christian self-denial without the grace of God. The grace of God, we know, is obtained through prayer, especially through prayer to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Therefore, all flippant writers to the contrary notwithstanding, we hold that it is laudable prudence, rather than laughable incongruity, for even Catholic young women to beg God's Mother to deafen their ears to "pleasure's syren lay".

Christian Endeavor Convention at Rock Island Starts Anti-Hate Movement.
—Headline.

We were under the impression that our Divine Saviour started a movement of that kind 1900 years ago.

Professor Leuba of Bryn Mawr University polled one thousand leading American scientists. The result shows that less than one-half believed in a personal God and nearly one-half denied the immortality of the soul.—*Exchange*.

And Catholic parents on account of a petty financial consideration or through spite, stubbornness, or the hankering after social conquests, will turn from the safe haven of Catholic educational institutions and keep their children, during their most plastic and impressionable years, under these infidel instructors. When such parents come to us in later years bemoaning the fact that their children have ceased to be practical Catholics, how hard it is for us to keep from saying: You but reap what you have sown. In spite of all that was said and done to turn you from your unnatural course, you persisted in inviting God to curse you in your children. At last He has done so.

Imagine the smug self-sufficiency of the feminine mind which considers itself capable of selecting a man's necktie, the most exacting bit of silk in the world. Fancy the futility of such a mind passing judgment on it! Criticize, and with reason, the cut of our clothes and hair; advance theories upon gloves and footwear; but be silent, if you cannot commend the neckwear of the man. There you have the artistic culmination of the male. Censure it, and you insult at the same time his judgment, pride, and sense of beauty.—*Atlantic*.

Horrible, isn't it? And there are people who criticize important things of which they know even less than a woman knows about a man's necktie.

There is no single type in America so forlorn as the foreign parent deserted by the children who had been educated in the public schools in such a way as to make them ashamed of their family.—*Review of Reviews*.

The children "educated in such a way as to make them ashamed of their family", haven't been educated; they have just been dragged up. And the school that does not know how to make children honor, love, and obey their parents for the love of God, couldn't educate if it tried.

During the present school year, and while the war continues, there will be many unusual temptations for parents and guardians to keep children out of school, and there will be many difficulties in the way of maintaining schools at their full measure of efficiency. On the other hand, it is of the very greatest importance that the efficiency of the schools shall be maintained in every way and that there shall be no falling off in attendance. This is necessary both for the present defence of the country and for its welfare and safety when the war is over. While we are fighting for the maintenance of democracy, we must do everything possible to make the democracy strong and efficient in every way. This will depend upon the schools more than on any other one agency.—*U. S. Commissioner of Education*.

If every child in the U. S. receives a thorough education, the future of our country is secure. We say "education"—not mere in-

struction, not a simple course of training in mechanical processes—but, education, such development of the human mind and the human heart as will fit the human being to attain the sublime end for which it was created. If every child in the U. S. receives such an education, then, even though our army should be routed, our navy sunk, and our air fleet brought low, the future of the country would be secure; for a nation of one hundred million educated men and women will constitute a power invincible before the combined armies and navies of the world. To foster such education is the patriotic duty of every parent and teacher in the land.

THE LATEST IN MARRIAGE

Eleanor Taylor put the last artistic touches on her beautiful mind in Vassar College. There she learned the glories of "Individuality". Individuality you know, is a prince of the blood royal long held in ignoble bondage by such ogres as old-fashioned Christianity, old-fashioned marriage, and old-fashioned ideals of morality.

Well, Eleanor Taylor met Benjamin Marsh, and there was an "Individual Marriage". You don't know the meaning of an "Individual Marriage"! For shame! You have been simply plodding through the mud of old-fogeyism while the car of modern progress flew by.

Eleanor Taylor's indulgent pity went out to just such antiquated fossils as you, and, for your benefit, she explained to a reporter the meaning of an "Individual Marriage". An "Individual Marriage" is one where, by explicit contract, the wife retains her individual rights, including everything. She does not even change her name: on their door bell they have, not Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, but Mr. Marsh and Miss Taylor. An "Individual Marriage" does not permit the husband to support his wife. She keeps her work and supports herself. They go out together every evening to dine at a restaurant, but at the end of the meal Mr. Marsh pays his dinner check and Miss Taylor pays hers. "Do parties to 'Individual Marriages' believe in birth control?" asked the interviewer. "I do," said Miss Taylor frankly as she bent over her desk to resume her work.

Mother, when you packed your daughter off to a finishing school this year, did you make sure that it was one where her sacred "Individuality" would be developed even like unto that of the married woman who styles herself Miss Taylor?

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The right of bishops to pay their ad limina visits to Rome, restoration of exiled prelates, permission for foreign Catholic priests to enter the country and for all persons to choose their own religion, are some of the liberties granted to Catholics by the new Russian Government.

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It is reported that, in answer to the petition of several bishops, the Holy Father has granted permission to put the new code of Canon Law in force at once. Otherwise it will be obligatory only from Pentecost of next year.

* * *

The following priests passed the physical examination for army chaplancies at Governor's Island last month: Fathers Mitty, Mulcahey, Tracey, Rankin, Dempsey, Dineen, Sheeran, Tierney, Casey, Meehan, Mulligan, Lange, and Mitchell.

* * *

Bishop McCoort administered the sacraments of Confirmation to twelve sailors and marines on the deck of the Battleship Michigan.

* * *

Attorneys for the sixty railroads operating in Oklahoma have given the opinion that the "bone dry" law of that state does not permit the railroads to carry or deliver, or residents to possess, even wine for sacramental purposes.

* * *

Msgr. Burke, Director General of Catholic Missionary Work among the Negroes of the United States, says: "Since we established this work ten years ago, we have established 52 new missions for colored people. We are paying the salaries of the sisters who are teaching the black children . . . We have about 17,000 Catholic children in parochial schools for colored children, and when you consider that there are three million colored children, according to the United States census, that number is small . . . The colored people are most anxious to send their children to Catholic schools. They have a veneration and affection for the Catholic sisters and are most anxious to place their children under the charge of the priests and sisters." Dear reader, remember this when the collection is announced for the Indian and Negro Missions.

* * *

The Denver public, in a movement headed solely by non-Catholics have, by a vote of two to one, ousted two anti-Catholic school directors who have brought the public schools of the city to the verge of ruin.

The Catholic deaf of the United States have raised a fund of \$800 to purchase an ambulance for use at the front.

* * *

Secretary of War, Baker, has made a ruling that Masons, Odd Fellows, and kindred organizations will not be allowed to erect club houses in army camps. He points out that there must be a line drawn somewhere, and he has decided to limit the privilege to the Knights of Columbus, the Y. M. C. A., and the Young Men's Hebrew Association. These organizations, he says, have been working with the army for years, and in general they cover the religious make-up of any body of men.

* * *

The Executive Board of the National Catholic War Council, consisting of appointees of the Archbishops of the United States, met at Washington Sept. 2. There also they met the committee of the National Federation of Catholic Societies. All the Catholic societies of the country have expressed their readiness to co-operate with National Catholic War Council in caring for Catholic soldiers. They have sent, or will soon send, to the Council a full report of what they are able to do for the cause.

* * *

Provost Marshall General Crowder announced that war workers in the Y. M. C. A. and kindred organizations will not be exempt from military duty. The announcement was made in answer to petitions for exemption made by these men. The Knights of Columbus officially informed General Crowder that their body made no such claim, and the general sent them a letter full of deep appreciation of their patriotic spirit.

* * *

In an address by W. H. Burgess, of Chicago, before the conference of the American Bar Association, the Mexican constitution was assailed as "a worthless scrap of paper". "It closes Mexico," he said, "to the work of the Christian Churches, to the civilizing influence of the Christian religion and its uplifting agencies" . . . it is framed by men "with no other thought than its financial value and the tribute they could levy through it."

* * *

Gibbons Hall and the chemical and engineering laboratories of the Catholic University of Washington have been turned over to the Government for the use of the army.

* * *

Archbishop Kennedy, former Rector of the American College at Rome, died at Castel Grandolpho, the summer villa of the college. He is succeeded by Msgr. O'Hearn, a native of Chicago.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

Why is incense used in Catholic church service?

Burning incense is a sign of respect, worship, and sacrifice, of the offering of man's soul and body to god. The smoke of burning incense, by rising upward, is a sign of prayer. St. John beheld an angel in Heaven bearing a golden censer, the smoke of which was the prayer of the saints. The burning of incense is an eloquent symbol of the qualities of fervor and charity that our prayers should possess. Just as the action of the fire causes the smoke to rise, fervor in prayer and love cause our prayers to ascend to God. The pleasant odor that incense spreads indicates the good spiritual odor that should proceed from our words and deeds.

St. Thomas says that incense is employed to represent the effect of grace, which is the good odor with which Jesus Christ is filled and which passes from Him to the faithful. It is for this reason that at Solemn Mass and Vespers the celebrant, his assistants, and those present are incensed.

What is meant by the "Fathers of the Church"?

This is a title applied to the writers and teachers of the early Church. Just as our fathers are those who taught us when we were young, so the Fathers of the Church are those who instructed her in the doctrine of our Lord and the Apostles during her infancy and growth. Theologians require for a "Father": orthodox doctrine and learning, holiness of life, and (at the present day) a certain antiquity. The means whereby we judge whether a writer was a "Father" are:

(1) if he is quoted by a general council, or, (2) in public Acts of the Pope addressed to the Church concerning Faith; (3) if he is praised in the Roman Martyrology as being distinguished for holiness and learning; (4) if his writing were read in the Church during the early centuries; (5) if he is mentioned as an authority in regard to Faith by one of the more celebrated Fathers. If a writer in the early

Church has not these marks, then he is not called a Father, but merely an ecclesiastical writer. It is difficult to determine to just how late a date the age of the Fathers extends, but St. John Damascene, who died in 754, is surely one of the Fathers; and some even call St. Bernard "the last of the Fathers", though he died as late as 1153. When all the Fathers agree that a certain truth is a part of the Catholic Religion, we must accept such truth as being certainly revealed by God.

Kindly inform me what Saint's protection should be invoked in case of fire?

For protection against fire it has long been customary to call upon St. Florian. He was a Roman officer who suffered martyrdom at Lorch in Austria during the persecution of Diocletian and Maximian. At an early date there was a church erected in his honor in which there was a picture showing how a charcoal burner was miraculously saved from death by burning by St. Florian. It may be that this picture inspired people to call upon the same saint for protection from similar dangers and that thus the custom originated. Or again, it may be that the custom arose from the fact that when St. Florian was being threatened by his judges with dire punishments unless he would give up his religion, the saint challenged them to cast him into a fire, promising to come out of it unscathed. His challenge however was not accepted.

Is it wrong for a girl of about twenty years of age to allow a young man to hold her hand?

This question cannot be answered simply by "yes" or "no". The innocence or guilt of the young woman in question would depend on circumstances. It would be a mortal sin for her to allow a young man to hold her hand if she does so with an impure intention, or if she knows that the young man is actuated by impure motives. If there are no bad intentions, it might still in many cases be a venial sin on account of the danger, at least

remote, of bad effects. If the young woman and young man are engaged to be married or if they are keeping company with a view to matrimony, an occasional pressure or holding of the hand as a sign of affection or friendship would ordinarily be allowed.

Would the Church grant a dispensation for first cousins to marry, and if so, for what reasons?

The marriage of first cousins is forbidden by the law of the Church. The Church, then, can dispense with its own law when grave reasons urge.

The various causes given in Canon Law for the valid and lawful grant of any dispensation differ in weight. Sometimes dispensations are granted on account of the limited number of matrimonial opportunities in a locality; for if the petition were not granted, the petitioners might have to remain single and this might lead to immoral living. Sometimes a dispensation is granted when the woman is nearing the end of marriageable chances owing to advancing old age and loss of attractiveness. Sometimes the poverty of the woman or absence of opportunity to make a livelihood may incline the authorities to be considerate and merciful. Sometimes the law is set aside by dispensation when the petitioners are leading an immoral life. But if crime is committed in order to force a dispensation, the latter is very difficult to obtain. Sometimes it is granted to legitimize offspring, put an end to public scandal, or to family feuds, etc., etc.

Are Catholics obliged under pain of sin to say the "Hail Mary"?

There is no formal precept of the Church that binds us under pain of sin to recite the Angelical Salutation. However, while we grant that a Catholic is not expressly commanded to recite the "Hail Mary", he would be deserving of blame and reproach if he omitted that prayer; for he omits a form of salutation that has in part been revealed by God, employed by holy personages in Scripture, and sanctioned by Holy Church. Besides, we are commanded to honor our father and our mother. Jesus Christ honored His Mother and bequeathed her as the Mother of all Christians. Now, honor is shown by respectful salutation and by imitation of the virtues practised by those whom we

honor. There is no more beautiful and powerful prayer to the Blessed Virgin than the "Hail Mary" and the Catholic who would never say it is surely lacking in devotion to the Blessed Mother and is very careless of the interests of his own soul.

Who were the Fourteen Holy Helpers?

The "Fourteen Holy Helpers in Need" are fourteen saints who are the object of a special devotion on the part of Catholics, especially in German countries. The devotion is very ancient, but we do not know its origin nor can we find the reason why just these fourteen saints came to be venerated in a body. The Fourteen Holy Helpers are as follows: 1) St. Blase, Bishop and Martyr; 2) St. George, soldier and Martyr; 3) St. Erasmus, Bishop and Martyr; 4) St. Vitus, Martyr; 5) St. Margaret, Virgin and Martyr; 6) St. Christopher, Martyr; 7) St. Pantaleon, physician and Martyr; 8) St. Cyriacus, Martyr; 9) St. Aegidius, Abbot; 10) St. Eustachius; 11) St. Denis, Bishop and Martyr; 12) St. Catharine, Virgin and Martyr; 13) St. Achatus, Bishop; 14) St. Barbara, Virgin and Martyr, Patroness of a happy death.

If a Catholic marries outside his Church to a non-Catholic and later on is divorced, can he ever marry again to one of his own Church? If a person is made to marry someone whom he or she does not love and does not want to marry, is he or she married in the sight of God when it was against their will?

1. If a Catholic is validly married whether to another Catholic or to a non-Catholic, he or she cannot marry another person, Catholic or non-Catholic, during the life time of the first partner. But if the first marriage was invalid, then of course no divorce is needed. In order to decide whether a particular marriage between a Catholic and non-Catholic is valid or not we would have to have more information in regard to the case than you have supplied us with.

2. The Church will annul or declare invalid a marriage contracted through a certain kind of fear or forced upon one or both of the parties, but the fear or violence would have to be proved and the whole case decided by the competent ecclesiastical authorities.

	Some Good Books	
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"Royal Outlaw." By Chas. B. Hudson. Henry Dutton. \$1.35.

After reading Chas. B. Hudson's novel, "The Royal Outlaw," one is tempted to ask why this story was not written many years ago. Millions have read and re-read the scriptural account of King David's thrilling adventures, and thousands of authors, after reading, have racked their brains to discover dramatic plots for novels, having all this time, within their very grasp, this rich mine of dramatic incident.

The gifted author has portrayed King David as a model of every virtue, and our heart warms to the royal exile in the midst of his dangers and difficulties. The Jewish population, however, are not pictured in a very flattering light, and it is quite evident that the author has very little sympathy with them.

The pleasing style, sparkling humor, and dramatic skill shown by the author, should place "The Royal Outlaw" among the very best of this year's novels.

"Bab, a Sub-Deb." By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Doran. \$1.40.

"Bab, a Sub-Deb," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, is a collection of amusing stories concerning the doings of a most irresponsible young Miss, whose every movement is calculated to throw a peaceful community into confusion. From one escapade to another the heroine passes, with almost dizzying rapidity until at length the reader imagines that he is watching a "movie-show". There is this difference, however, that in "Bab" everything is wholesome and pleasing.

This little volume is well suited to dispel the clouds on the gloomiest day, and bring a smile to the saddest face.

"Reveries of a Schoolmaster." By Francis B. Pearson. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

As recollections of Schoolmasters are not always the pleasantest, the title of Francis B. Pearson's new book "Reveries of a Schoolmaster", might

be expected to fore-doom it to failure. Moreover the countless publications of late years, dealing with education, in which the most idiotic schemes have been propounded for the care of youth, have awakened in the reading public a distaste, amounting almost to loathing, for publications of this nature. But in the little collection of essays comprised in "Reveries of a Schoolmaster", we have something altogether different. The very titles of the essays are enough to arouse interest, e. g., "Rabbit Pedagogy", "forefingers," "Beef-steak," etc., and the essays themselves are worthy of their titles. The style is that of Lamb, and at times it almost seems to surpass in excellence, the "Essays of Elia". To those who love short, humorous essays, the "Reveries of a Schoolmaster" will come as a pleasant surprise.

Thos. Maurice Mulry. By Thomas F. Meehan. The Encyclopedia Press, Inc. \$1.50.

Thos who wish to know what may be accomplished in the "Lay Apostolate", by men animated with true, Catholic zeal, should read the biography of Thos. Maurice Mulry, the Ozanam of America. This work, just published by Thomas F. Meehan, should be an inspiration to the American Catholic. It is the life-story of a man, whose every energy was directed towards mitigating the miseries of the poor, and spreading far and wide that great beneficent organization "The St. Vincent de Paul Society".

In this age, when politics and political grafting, are brought so often and with such nauseating circumstances, before our notice, it is refreshing to discover a man who, to use his own words, "Threw away all chances of becoming Mayor of New York" because, he "detested political life and dreaded political office".

Such was the character of Mr. Mulry in public life, and that his private life was likewise a model for every American Catholic may readily be seen from the fact that, four of his children became religious. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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They were discussing that joke about getting down off an elephant.

"How do you get down?" asked the jokesmith for the fourth time.

"You climb down."

"Wrong!"

"You grease his sides and slide down."

"Wrong!!!"

"You take a ladder and get down."

"Wrong!!!"

"Well, you take the trunk line down."

"No, not quite. You don't get down off an elephant; you get it off a goose."

"She made a goose of herself."

"How?"

"Trying to act like a chicken."

"So you did not win the girl, after all?"

"No," said the gloomy youth. "I didn't manage the courtship properly. I idealized her as the aggressively intellectual type. So I talked about equal suffrage, and a chap with a ukelele cut me out."

"There," says the good woman, as the transfer man drives off with her trunk. "Now I'll know whether or not the baggagemen are really as rough with things as they are said to be."

"How will you know?" asked her friend.

"I put an egg here and there among my clothes."

"Ah, Bulginback!" sympathetically saluted the colonel. "I understand that you have been ill?"

"Yassah! Yassah! And mighty 'bleeged to yo' for de 'terrygation, sah. I sho' was a paw'ful sick pusson. I was took sudden in de night wid a gropin' pain in muh abandon, and for a spell I 'lowed I was gwine to die right dar without de aid of a physician. But de doctah done come after a while, and by de he'p o' de Lawd and some scan'lous tasin' medicine I was deprived of muh recovery."

"What are the passengers looking

out of the windows for?" asked a nervous lady as the conductor came through the train.

"We ran over a cat, madam," said the conductor.

"Was the cat on the track?" she next asked.

"Oh, no, ma'am," assured the conductor. "The locomotive chased him up an alley."

Wife—"John, I need a new dress."

John—"Confound it! Nothing but new dresses. Have you no higher aspirations at all?"

Wife—"Yes, John, I also need a new hat."

An attendant at the Zoo tells of two country women, mother and daughter, who were visiting the place for the first time. At last they came to the hippopotamus, and stood for several minutes, transfixed in silent wonder. Then the mother turned to her daughter and said with the greatest gravity:

"My! ain't he plain?"

"Any rags? Any old iron?" chanted the dealer as he knocked at the suburban villa. The man of the house himself opened the door.

"No, go away," he snapped, irritably. "There's nothing for you. My wife is away."

The itinerant merchant hesitated a moment, and then inquired: "Any old bottles?"

The colonel of a volunteer regiment camping in Virginia came across a private on the outskirts of the camp, painfully munching on something. His face was wry and his lips seemed to move only with the greatest effort.

"What are you eating?" demanded the colonel.

"Persimmons, sir."

"Good heavens! Haven't you got any more sense than to eat persimmons at this time of the year? They'll pucker the very stomach out of you!"

"I know, sir. That's why I'm eatin' 'em. I'm tryin' to shrink me stomach to fit me rations."